

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1883.

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THE PEOPLE'S PRESS
FOR 1883.
ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.
\$1.50 A YEAR.

The Press entered its thirty-first (31st) edition on January 1st, 1882.
It is the time to subscribe. It will be our endeavor to make the Press more interesting and entertaining than ever.
L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
Salem, N. C., Jan. 30, 1882.

NOTICE.

We earnestly request all persons who are indebted to us by account to make settlement, as we need the money.

The Biblical Recorder and Christian Advocate, of Raleigh, have been enlarged and improved in appearance. They are both ably conducted papers.

The reunion of the Association of the Confederate Army of North Carolina will be held at the capitol in Richmond this Thursday evening, November 1. General A. M. Scales, of North Carolina, will deliver the address—subject, "The Battle of Fredericksburg."

North Carolina's exhibit at Boston will probably be transferred to New Orleans and placed on exhibit there at the grand cotton exposition in December.

Speaking of the removal of the remains of the 135 North Carolina Confederate dead from Arlington to Raleigh the Farmer and Mechanic recalls the fact that there are still thousands of Confederate dead remaining in Northern cemeteries. There are 4,000 at Elmira; and 3,000 at Johnson's Island, and 9,000 at Fort Delaware; and 2,500 at Point Lookout; and many thousands elsewhere.

The Raleigh Visitor says: The public were startled by the announcement that the N. C. Agriculture Society has made an assignment of all the proceeds of the Fair to Mr. Leo D. Heart. The cause is said to have been expected suits on old bonds of the Society and the attempt to attach the proceeds for their payment. The real estate is not included in the assignment. We are also informed that a resolution to remove the Fair grounds to Tarboro only failed by 3 votes in a meeting of the Executive Committee.

Foreign News.

The Czar of Russia has issued an order for the drafting of a Constitution for government of the empire.

The Nihilists are more than usual sanguine. A printing press belonging to them has been discovered in operation in Moscow.

Count Von Moltke was 84 years old last Friday. His birthday is a national holiday.

ALGIERS, October 20.—The report of the death of the Algerian insurgent chief, Suleiman, is confirmed. He was invited to a feast by two other chiefs, who slew and decapitated him and sent his head as a present to the Sultan of Morocco.

The Russo-German frontier towns of Russia, are full of Cossacks, and the German villages across the border are rapidly filling with German cavalry, to repel any encroachment on German soil.

Earthquake shocks occurred in Agram and in Lima, S. A., on the 20th.

Isaac Harris, of Plymouth, has 15 children. He weighs 85 pounds, while his wife weighs only 65. Neither one has had any sickness since 1835.

There will be elections in ten States on the 6th of November: Connecticut, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia. Governors will be elected in Massachusetts, Maryland, Minnesota and New Jersey.

On Wednesday the 24th inst., was our State day at the Boston Exhibition. Addresses were made by Edward Atkinson, of Atlanta Exposition fame, and Theodore W. Poole, of Wilmington, N. C. Editor F. W. Rollins presided at the meeting which was held in the large Exposition Lecture room. The addresses were all appropriate and placed our good old State in the very best light. Young men were advised to go to North Carolina in preference to the West, as the climate, soil, agricultural and mineral resources were there unsurpassed.

—News.

Trial proves that honesty is the best policy in medicine as well as in other things. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a genuine preparation, an unequalled blood purifier, decidedly superior to all others.

Hundreds of letters from those using Ayer's Hair Vigor attest its value as a restorer of gray hair to its natural color. As a stimulant and tonic, preventing and often curing baldness, and cleansing and soothing the scalp, its use cannot be strongly recommended.

—Winter is coming and the annual surrender of the Apache Indians is taking place at Lieutenant Hunter's camp at Bowie, Arizona Territory. Uncle Sam is to feed them until Spring, and then they will be at their devility again.

The United States Navy Advisory Board at Washington, D. C., recommends the construction of new war vessels.

WHISPERING PINES.

[POEMS BY JOHN HENRY BONER, NEW YORK: BRENTANO & BROS., WASHINGTON, D. C.: A. BRENTANO & CO., 1883.]

[Correspondence of the News-Observer] Having occasion recently to characterize some of Mr. Boner's verses as "fugitive poems" which would do honor to any poet, living or dead, we are pleased to see many of these elegant wails garnished in so dainty a casket, with others of equal lustre we had never seen before. It will be said of these poems that they are essentially "Southern," and it affords no little pleasure to add that most of them are in the true and noblest sense "—North Carolinian." Whether Mr. Boner or North Carolinian either should be congratulated in this behalf, the coming age alone can tell, for the sleepy old commonwealth is now as slow as ever to recognize worth or wit in her progeny. She waits until her *literati* have been patted approvingly on the head by Northern reviewers before she can regard them with any degree of self-complacency. The modest old lady continues weekly to receive her literary wares from the markets in which she vends her turpentine, and whence, from time immemorial, she has drawn her supplies of ready-made clothing and other notions. Even her enterprising booksellers (those of Raleigh excepted) will not receive any new North Carolina book, for sale on consignment, so distrustful are they of the commercial value of home made articles in their line. They are still *stationary*, and dealers in stationery. To return, however, from a profitless digression, we remark that as Mr. Boner resides out of the State, and his book is published both in New York and at the national capital, the favorable notice it will doubtless receive abroad, may ultimately secure for him as kindly a welcome at home as he had been altogether a stranger.

Of Teutonic lineage; born and reared in the romantic valley of the Yadkin, of which he so sweetly sings, the poet's earlier years were passed in the cloister-like seclusion of Salem, N. C.—an old Moravian settlement, the classic seat of Lutheranism and learning—whose academy, for the education of young ladies, has maintained for a century or more its *clarum et venerabile nomen*. Of his childhood and youth we have only the incidental glimpses his poems afford. Though honored for years with his friendship, we can only surmise that his opportunities for obtaining a liberal education were meager, not even embracing the "little Latin and less Greek," that were imparted to Keats in his boyhood. We first knew him as a journeyman printer in Raleigh, N. C.—an ardent lover of nature; a general enthusiast, with whom poetry was a passion—and a maker of songs. Possessing so pronouncedly this pleasing and popular faculty with which few poets are gifted, we wonder that he has not written more of them, and that some of those he has given us, have not, ere this, found fit accompaniment in beautiful airs for voice and instrument. "Home from Camp-meeting" is a beautiful lyric, which has been honored with a place in an anthology of "Modern American Lyrics," lately published by Brockhaus in Leipzig. We cannot forbear a quotation:

"The meadow grasses feel the air,
With a scent delicious fine,
And the spider spins his gossamer
From the black jack pine to the pine."

Thousands of insects faintly sing
In the warmth of the southern night;
The last few lone and the great out among
Like a bell in the mystic light.

The ripe corn rustled its yellow blade,
The field-flowers woke from their swoon,
And the leaves of the wild grape lightly played
In the rays of the rising sun."

It is purely. They evince throughout, reverence for God, love and hope in humanity, sympathy with its sorrows, and glowing aspirations for higher and purer life, here and hereafter. Mr. Boner's poems are also emphatically his own. They possess marked originality. Traces there may be of Tennysonian influence in choice of measures and modes of thought, but there is nothing that savors in the remotest degree of imitation. We can recall but one instance in which unwillingly he has failed to distinguish between original impulse and a vague suggestion of memory.

We find here none of the insipid affectations, the puny conceits of the later Victorian versifiers, and while the rhythmic flow of his numbers is usually varied and harmonious, there is no sacrifice of sense to sound, or straining after affective effect; nor is there any iteration of rhyme, but only a single rhyme in each stanza, which is nobly alike in thought and expression.

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The first of the poems *proper*, is "Moonrise in the Pines." A quotation of two or three stanzas will exhibit its delicacy of stanza, elegance of diction and fidelity to nature:

"The sultry day is ending,
The clouds are fainting away,
Orange with purple is blending;
And purple with orange is blushing,
Till at last the earth is one;
A star swings out like a censor,
And the brief, warm night is begun."

"Afar in the Southern sky,
Heat-lightning flashes and glows,
Vividly tinting the clouds that lie—
At rest with a shimmer of rose—
Trembling, like uncertain,
As a wild horse, like a wild dove,
From under an ocean curtain
Before a terrible shrine."

The closing stanzas are exquisite:

"Lo! a light in the east opaquest,
Softly suffuses the sky,
Where flowers and leaves are quiescent,
Like the leaf of the rose they lie—
Where the wave has spent its swirl—
Like the curve of a herd they glide
Into whitened pines!"

At the light grows brighter and higher,
Till at last the trees I see
That glow with a glimmer of fire,
That rolls through the darkness to me,
At the risings of the green gleam
That comes from the earth, that shines
Like the light of a herd, that glide
Through the colonnades."

The italics are our own. The poem should be read as a whole, for detached stanzas but faintly indicate how weirdly picturesque this "Midsummer Night's Dream" is. It is evidently a vivid reminiscence of real scenes—an inspiration of the "whispering pines" of the Old North State, photographed by moonlight.

From "Autumnal Verses," page 12, we will cite a descriptive stanza or two, in which our author evinces intuitive perception of the subtle harmonies of nature, united with pictorial art of no common order:

"The day is dark, the clouds hang low,
A strange, funeral silence reigns,
Save the hoarse croaking of the crow
That on his luster fellow grieves."

I wander in the fields alone,
To peace to hear the soughing pines
And the sad, minor undertones
That run along the seafloor lines."

To leave upon the linden bough,
Or 'scat the dusky bumble-buzz."

Again, from the same poem, page 15, picturing a burial scene in the country:

"Here stood the mourners clad in black,
The pallid women weeping low—
Then in the evening silence, back
To the hushed house they mutely go—

The house that stood on yonder hill,
Now gone—all gone, save towering high,
One chimney, which is darkly still
Outline against the wintry sky."

Again: it is not enough to say that our author's poems are nega-

A MARVELOUS STORY TOLD IN TWO LETTERS.

FROM THE SON: Oct. 25, 1882.

"Gentlemen: My father resides at Glover, Va. He has been a great sufferer from Scrofula, and the enclosed letter will tell you what a marvelous effect

"We have already briefly adverted to Mr. Boner's songs. Our space will permit us to cite but one, which, in the tenderness and depth of its pathos, we involuntarily associate with Motherwell's "Jeanie Morrison" and Burns' "To Mary in Heaven." This poem has for its caption the refrain,

"We walked among the whispering pines,"

"It was a still autumn day—
So soft and still, and streaky bright—
The petals of quick decay light—
Tinged everything with lovely light—
It warmly touched the fragrant air—
And fields of color and glowing vines—
Along the great Yaxin, where—
We walked among the whispering pines."

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